

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."— *Cowper*.

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## Our Dumb Animals.

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### Donkeys.

AN AMUSING SKETCH BY A LADY.

"Donkeys," says Jean Paul, "are horses translated into Dutch." Jean Paul was doubtless a very nice man, but he did not know everything. Donkeys are a personification of "Original Sin." I did not always think so, however; once I fondly believed far otherwise. That was before I had any experience. "Experience," Mr. Emerson declares, "is a fine word for suffering." Mr. Emerson is correct, as he always is.

In the "lot" adjoining the house is a wooden inclosure, in which "Jefferson Davis," a mule of sad and reverend aspect, is confined, together with Flirt and Nelly, the two horses, when they are not employed in the carriage or in horseback riding. Whenever his comrades are taken out, Jeff. Davis becomes very obstreperous, kicking the boards which confine him, and otherwise expressing his dissatisfaction at the state of affairs. At other times he is a mule of sad, serious and meditative frame of mind, and may be seen gazing pensively into vacancy for hours together, without even showing a single trace of a flaw in his disposition.

In color he is dark red, and like the rest of his race and a certain king, famous in mythology, has a greater development of ear than is absolutely necessary for practical purposes. His caudal appendage bears a very striking resemblance to the

stiff, fuzzy "rats" exposed for sale in the windows of our hair-dressers' shops.

From the first day of my arrival my eyes were fixed longingly on that mule. I would ride him. What was Southern life without riding on a mule? When I was in Rome, I would adopt the customs of the Romans. In vain the ladies of the family assured me they never thought of riding any mule, much less Jeff. My mind was fixed, "and all the king's horses and all the king's men" could not move it.

At first, fate seemed unpropitious. Jeff. was otherwise employed; he was mounted by Tom, the negro boy, and rode off to mill in triumph, while, with a heart burning with envy, I watched him from the piazza; he had to go to "Society Hill" to draw cotton-seed—in fact, the call for his services became so frequent, that I fancied the whole family had conspired against me.

Hope long deferred weighed upon my spirits; I lost my appetite; I wandered restlessly to and fro! I spent the greater part of each day gazing wistfully through a crack in Jeff's prison-walls.

In vain Nelly and Flirt were proffered to supply the longing in my breast, which called ever for a mule-ride and would not be satisfied. At last my sufferings touched the heart of my friend. "You shall ride Jefferson D.," he said, "but remember I warn you he is not fit for a lady to ride." "I scorn your insinuation," I replied. "I, a Di Vernon, a horse-woman; who has forded the roaring waters of the 'Wautnla,' by pale moonlight, fear to ride that harmless creature, who eats collards so confidently from my hands and gazes at me so pensively. I take the risk, only let me try; this secret grief is wearing my life away."

So he consented; "all saddled and bridled and fit for the queen" Jeff. was brought to the horse-block, in front of the door, and, with a heart thrilling with triumph, I mounted him.

"You will not need a whip," said my friend, smiling sweetly, "he will go at the word"; and even at that moment Jeff. whisked his tail, and started off on an easy trot down the slight declivity that led to the road.

Such an easy motion! the etherealized essence of a trot! the movement so slight as to be almost imperceptible. "Gentle creature!" I exclaimed, "so facile of bit, so easily guided, you should have been called General Grant." But the motion became still more imperceptible, in fact, ceased altogether; and for a short time I gazed contentedly at the sunbeams sifting through the pine-trees on

either side of the woodland road, and meditated upon the perfection of the donkey race in general, while Jeff. kept up a very feeble walk. Finally, I concluded to accelerate my speed a little, and gently shook the reins. Jeff. was apparently likewise engaged in meditation, and hard to arouse. I shook the reins with more force, accompanied with a sharp "click, click," but he was as stolid as the whole combined stolidity of the Prussian army.

I clicked, I hulloosed, I wildly flapped the reins, but in vain; calmly, sadly, determinedly, he kept up that funeral pace; "plank, plank, plank," went his hoofs in an unending, monotonous tramp. It was horrible. I shouted at him, but the drapery of his ears never moved. What should I do? I would return; but no, Jefferson D. was not going to budge an inch, save in a perpendicular line to some given unknown point; the more I pulled the reins one way, the more he held his head the other; on, on, he went; was he never to stop? Was he bewitched? Was I to be enshrined in the history of my country as a sort of a female "Wandering Jew," on a mule? "What a creature," I murmured, "for a funeral; his feet move to the music of a dirge."

I gave it up in despair. It was a conundrum I could not answer. On we went past sunny nooks where early violets were springing, past noble oaks and lofty pines. At last, in the dim distance, I saw a vision of hope, a negro, with a pile of "lightwood" on his shoulders.

"Will you please"—I screamed, when several rods away, for well I knew I should pass him like a dream, no pause to make inquiries could I expect from this wretched animal. "Will you please get me a switch."

Down went the lightwood, and Sambo vanished in the shadow of a black-gum tree, but too late—"Stop, Mis'is, here it is," he cried; and far down the road a voice replied, "I can't!"

Courageous boy—he followed, and thrust the stout branch in my hand. Now, my fine fellow, I thought, I have you. My spirits rose. I seized it with a firm hand, and thick and fast the blows descended. Not a motion, not a wink; still on, on, that interminable "tramp, tramp, tramp." Nerved with desperate resolution, I dashed the switch in his face, over his head and ears pitilessly. There was a pause, his hind legs arose, his neck elongated, his feet flew out in front—and I, I suddenly found myself seated upon a little rock in the middle of the road, botanizing.

I didn't think of it then, but the reason I know

I must have been botanizing, was because I had my hand full of a strange kind of a bush which grew there, and which I had never analyzed; there was only one thing which makes me think I was n't, because when people dismount to botanize, when engaged in horseback riding, they usually tie their horses to something, in case they may wish to return, and I didn't.

When I looked after my red roan steed, his receding "rat" might be dimly seen in the distance as he serenely retraced the road we had just traversed.

I looked about me; I was about five miles from home, time sunset, a stiff breeze rocking the treetops as if it meant something serious. No time was to be lost; like the unfortunate individual blown up in a powder-mill, I "collected myself" and started on my homeward journey.

I did not loiter, and at the summit of every hill, afar in the valley below, advancing before me like the pillar of cloud which guided the Egyptians, I saw the noble figure of Jefferson D.

There is a moral to this tale, that he who runs may read. Never do anything your friends advise you not to unless you are sure you can; and if you are ever tempted to ride a mule, fast and pray until the season of temptation is past, for it lures you to your destruction.

N. B. I recall the remark in regard to General Grant; appearances are often deceptive.—*Corr. Boston Transcript.*

#### Intelligence of Insects.

One day, while watching a column of foraging ants, *Eciton hamata*, I placed a stone on one of them to secure it. The next that approached, on discovering the situation of his associate, ran back in an excited manner and communicated with the others, when all rushed to the rescue. Some bit at the stone and tried to move it, others seized the prisoner by the legs, and tugged with a force which threatened to separate them from its body; but they persevered until they got the captive free. I next covered one of the ants with a piece of clay, leaving only the ends of its antennae projecting. It was soon discovered by its fellows, which set to work immediately, and by biting off pieces of the clay soon liberated it. On another occasion a very few ants were passing along at intervals. One of these was confined under a piece of clay, at a little distance from the trail, with its head projecting. Several ants went by without seeing it, but at last it was discovered by a sharp-eyed friend, that at once undertook to pull it out. Failing in this, it immediately hurried off for assistance, and soon returned with a dozen or more companions, all evidently fully informed of the circumstances of the case, for they made directly for their imprisoned comrade, and shortly set him free.

Can such actions be regarded as instinctive? They seem rather to be the result of sympathy, the ants rendering to their fellows such assistance as man is in the habit of rendering to his kind. The excitement and ardor with which the ants carried on their unflagging exertions for the rescue of their comrades, could not have been greater if they had been human beings; and this to meet a danger that can be only of the rarest occurrence. *The Naturalist in Nicaragua.*

WHEN the human being looks at the sufferings of the inferior animal, and with a heart full of love seeks to alleviate those sufferings, from no selfish consideration whatever, but because it is suffering, he is patterning after the true conception of the boundless munificence and love and philanthropy of the good and great Creator of all. Such a man or woman cannot be otherwise than kind to all, for if sympathy is deep enough and broad enough to reach the lower animal, surely it will include the higher or human animal, as the greater sentiment includes the lesser.—*Humane Journal.*

THE habit of keeping still, under provocation, at length makes one almost fire-proof.

#### Fidelity.

A barking sound the shepherd hears,  
A cry as of a dog or fox;  
He halts, and searches with his eyes  
Among the scattered rocks;  
And now at distance can discern  
A stirring in a brake of fern;  
And instantly a dog is seen,  
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed;  
Its motions, too, are wild and shy—  
With something, as the shepherd thinks,  
Unusual in its cry;  
Nor is there any one in sight  
All round, in hollow or on height;  
Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear.  
What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,  
That keeps till June December's snow;  
A lofty precipice in front,  
A silent tarn below!  
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
Remote from public road or dwelling,  
Pathway or cultivated land,—  
From trace of human foot or hand.

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile  
The shepherd stood; then makes his way  
O'er rocks and stones, following the dog  
As quickly as he may;  
Nor far had gone before he found  
A human skeleton on the ground.  
The appalled discoverer, with a sigh,  
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks  
The man had fallen, that place of fear!  
At length upon the shepherd's mind  
It breaks, and all is clear.  
He instantly recalled the name,  
And who he was, and whence he came;  
Remembered, too, the very day  
On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake  
This lamentable tale I tell!  
A lasting monument of words  
This wonder merits well.  
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,  
Repeating the same timid cry,  
This dog had been through three months' space  
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that, since the day  
When this ill-fated traveller died,  
The dog had watched about the spot,  
Or by his master's side.  
How nourished here through such long time  
He knows who gave that love sublime,  
And gave that strength of feeling, great  
Above all human estimate!

—Wordsworth.

A CARMAN in a Western city seems to have a decent respect for the opinions of mankind, or at least, of that portion of it belonging to the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Society. Though he could, by no means, forbear welting his horse, he had the grace to paint the wounds which he made, thus preventing them from shocking the eyes of the benevolent. It was in evidence, that every morning he was obliged to pry up the animal before he could begin to work. The judge thought fifty dollars a reasonable price to pay for these eccentricities; and as this singular chariot-driver had no money, he went into seclusion to meditate upon what he had done.

THE true motives of our actions, like the reed-pipes of an organ, are usually concealed.

#### Caged Birds—How to Treat Them.

If you want a bird to love you, choose a *bullfinch*. His affection for his mistress is often so great as to cause his death if he be separated from her; and always makes him intensely jealous of all who share her regard with him. Their natural song is not musical, but they may be taught to whistle almost any melody by patiently reiterating it to them while they digest their food, which is rape or cary seed, with a little lettuce or apple. When moulting, they require hard egg and bread crumbs, and a clove put into their water; and if they should mope or ruffle their plumage, scalded rape-seed must be given for a few days.

If a clever bird is your fancy, get by all means a *goldfinch*. You can teach him to climb a little ladder, to pretend to be dead, to draw his own water, to sweep out his cage with a little broom, to ring a small bell for his food, and many other entertaining tricks, which, being of a restless busy nature, he thoroughly enjoys. Goldfinches are *bon vivants*, and are subject to fits from over-eating themselves. When these occur, dip the bird, head downward, in cold water, and put him on low diet for a few days, and he will readily recover.

*Canaries* are like flowers, they do not thrive unless their keepers love them. Nothing is more cruel than to keep birds and not to attend to them, and this is especially true of canaries. They do not live by seed and water alone, they crave equally companionship and love. They ought, too, to be kept in pairs, for they have a great deal to say to each other that they cannot say to you, and it is delightful to watch their gossipings and confidences.

I possess two canaries which, though in no respects remarkable birds, are a source of constant pleasure and amusement. The male is an old bird of fine breed, dignified, aristocratic, on some days hardly tolerating the fidgety, talkative, demonstrative female, and resenting either by contemptuous silence, or by a downright good scolding, her interference in his contemplations. Again, he is in a good temper, and then she is the happiest of bird wives. They fly from room to room together, sit upon the window sills, and exchange opinions about the sparrows, or hold consultations about next spring's house-keeping.

Canaries love variety in their food, and if plenty of exercise be given them, they may be safely trusted with anything they will eat. During moulting a few poppy seeds are excellent, and at all times a little branch of fir or pine seems to afford them the greatest pleasure. The little extra cleaning or trouble incurred by letting them have the use of one or more rooms, is abundantly compensated by their love, their happiness and their charming companionship. Certainly those who pretend to entertain birds of any kind should be their friends and not their jailers, for birds, above all living creatures, were created to be glad.—*Selected.*

#### Responsible for Efforts, not Events.

If you make those exertions in your Master's cause which your duty to him requires, you will, I suspect, hear many ask, with something of contemptuous wonder, "How can you be so sanguine as to expect to accomplish so and so?" You think to bring about such and such results, but you will not succeed; your efforts to prevent such and such evils are very well meant, but they are vain; the mischief is inevitable," etc. Such language, I say, you will often hear from persons who proceed all along on the supposition that you are calculating the probabilities of events; and that if these do not turn out according to your wishes you will be surprised and mortified at finding that you had been laboring in vain. Let your reply be that the events are in the hands of Providence, but that it is for your efforts in discharging your own duty that you are answerable.—*Archbishop Whately.*



[For Our Dumb Animals.]

*Children's Treatment of Kittens.*

Tabby is a fine maltese, full of that frolic and play to which kitten natures are susceptible. Master Fred, aged two, finds trouble in amusing himself, and forthwith monopolizes Tabby.

Tabby protests, with a series of gymnastic exercises on her part, in the vain effort to free herself from the grasp of Master Fred. But Fred is inexorable, and hasn't the slightest idea that he is torturing the poor creature, while he holds her tighter and tighter in his chubby hands, and proceeds on an exploring expedition over chairs, tables and sofas promiscuously.

Tabby continues her vigorous efforts to get away. Get away! The poor creature is choked, strangled, crushed, almost breathless. Not possessing the true martyr spirit, and seeing that outcries have no effect, she finally tries the use of her claws.

This is the signal for variations. Master Fred screams at the top of his voice. Mamma flies to the rescue, boxes poor Tabby's ears, and wishes "that terrible cat" was executed on the spot!

Now it seems to us, young mother, that Master Fred might amuse himself more profitably than by torturing that innocent kitten. We imagine, too, you will own there is a right of self-defence, and in consideration of this, wouldn't it be merciful to give your strong, robust, active boy a ball, a rocking-horse, some inanimate play-fellow, instead of boxing Tabby's ears, and teaching young Fred, thus early, the refinements of torture? C. E. R.

[Communicated.]

*A Curious Accident.*

Recently happened to a horse in Portsmouth, N. H., while standing on Market Square. In stamping off the flies he trod upon and uncovered a wooden reservoir-stop or cut-off. The bore of the perpendicular log was just large enough to admit one of his forelegs, throwing him violently to the ground. A large crowd soon gathered to witness the struggles of the unfortunate animal, whose leg was imprisoned to the shoulder in the stout log which encircled it like a tight-fitting boot-top. Men, with more zeal than knowledge, attempted to extricate him by prying him up with levers. The brothers, Fox and Henry Stoddard, livery-stable keepers and accomplished horsemen, came up just in time to prevent the execution of that project.

Obtaining the proper tools, one of them held the horse's head and kept him quiet, while the other dug away the paving-stones and earth to a depth of several feet, leaving the log unencumbered, except on the side nearest the horse. Then by splitting the log with wedges the animal was freed from his painful predicament, considerably bruised, but without broken bones. After Stoddard had worked like a hero for an hour, and finished his work of mercy, an officer of the S. P. C. A. thanked him for his efforts. He replied "I am always willing to help either man or beast in distress." M.

*A Boy's Four Reasons.*

Animals should be treated kindly because,—  
1. They were created for the use of man by the same Power that created man himself. 2. The humane and kind treatment of all animals under our control is one of our greatest sources of pleasure and happiness. 3. It is much more profitable, pecuniarily, to take good care and deal kindly with every creature God hath given us. 4. Cruel treatment of animals is a sin and transgression which will surely be punished sooner or later.

LIKE most garments, like most carpets, everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around, find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities.

Eva.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

E'er Eva left, with totting steps,  
The low-roofed cottage door,  
The beetle and the cricket loved  
The young child on the floor;  
And every insect dwelt secure  
Where little Eva played,  
And piped for her its blithest song,  
When she in green-wood strayed.

With wing of gauze and mailed coat,  
They gathered round her feet,  
Rejoiced, as are all glad some things,  
A truthful soul to greet;  
They taught her infant lips to sing  
With them a hymn of praise,—  
The song that in the woods is heard  
Through the long summer days.

And everywhere the child was traced  
By snatches of wild song,  
That marked her feet, along the vale  
Or hillside, fleet and strong;  
She knew the haunts of every bird,  
Where bloomed the sheltered flower,  
So sheltered that the searching frost  
Might scarcely find its bower.

She loved all simple flowers that spring  
In grove or sun-lit dell,  
And of each streak and varied hue  
Would pretty meanings tell.  
To her a language was impressed  
On every leaf that grew;  
And lines revealing brighter worlds  
That angel fingers drew.

—From the *Sinless Child*.*Animal Affection.*

The contractors engaged on the Boston water-works, had a valuable cart-horse injured some time ago. The animal was led home to the stable, where about fifty horses were generally kept. The hostler had a water-spaniel, who for some months had been among the horses in the stable, living on great terms of intimacy with them. Immediately after the disabled horse was led in, he lay down and began to exhibit signs of great distress. The spaniel at once ran to the horse, and commenced fawning around him, licking the poor animal's face, and in various other ways manifesting his sympathy with the sufferer. The struggles and groans of the horse being continued, the dog sought his master, and drew his attention to the wounded animal, and showed great satisfaction when he found his master employed in bathing the wounds, and otherwise ministering to his wants. The hostler continued his care of the horse until a late hour of the night. Forty-eight hours after the horse was injured, the faithful dog had not left the stable, day or night, for a minute, not even to eat; and from his appearance it was believed that he had scarcely slept at all. He was constantly on the alert, not suffering any one to come near the horse, except those attached to the stable and the owner of the horse; his whole appearance was one of extreme distress and anxiety. He often laid his head on the horse's neck, caressing him, and licking around the eyes, which kindness the poor horse acknowledged by a grateful look and other signs of recognition.

This fact furnishes a remarkable and affecting exhibition of animal kindness, and should cover with shame the unfeeling men who beat and abuse that noble and most useful of animals, without stint or remorse, and are utterly destitute of sympathy for the whole brute creation.—*Exchange*.

How many spirits there are bowed down in this world; how the soul withers and shrinks when it is shut up away from human sympathy.

[Our Foreign Correspondence.]

*Austria and Germany.*

OX-HARNESSES, EXTRA HORSES AT STEEP HILLS, ETC.

In this country and Germany the sight of cattle, constantly employed for draught, has brought to my mind the fact that your paper formerly requested suggestions with regard to the best method of applying the traction, some improvement on the yoke.

I will endeavor to explain the plan in vogue here. Here the shoulders are left entirely unencumbered—the traction is altogether by the head and neck. An ordinary halter is first put on, by the chain of which the animal is fastened to the end of the pole. This merely serves to keep him in line, for the cattle are never expected to back the cart, the harness making no provision for it. On the top of the head is then placed a thick leather pad, long enough to reach nearly to the eyes in front and between the horns, extending behind them six or eight inches. Below the horns, in front, a very thick sewed leather strap bears directly against the forehead (the leather pad, of course, between the strap and the skin), and just behind the ears the traces are hooked on to the ring which terminates each end of this "forehead strap." One short strap, resting across the back part of the pad, and another across the middle of the animal's back, keep the traces from hanging too low. The other end of the traces is fastened to whiffle-trees, in all respects like a two-horse team. This pad between the horns is just as wide as that space, but before and behind a little wider. The leather trace does not touch the creature's skin anywhere, and, indeed, that seemed to me such a good thing about it, it does not, cannot, chafe the animal *anywhere*. Both the horns and the ears come out clear of any pressure in the space between the two straps.

I cannot close a letter on such a subject without expressing something of my admiration of the Germans for their unvarying kindness to animals. I never saw a horse beaten till I reached Bavaria; and though I saw several times enormous loads, just as much as the horses could draw, they were coaxed to do it, never struck.

I saw a man dance a perfect war dance in his excitement to encourage his horses (to do what was *well nigh* impossible) but he never lost his temper or even touched them with the whip. They did it for the asking, but I don't think they could have been whipped into doing it.

In Austria it is a different story, and though I do not see, I am thankful to say, such scenes as are a disgrace to us at home, I do not see the kindness, judgment and thought which delighted me in all these matters during my stay in Germany.

While in Vienna, I noticed that at the foot of a certain hill—not a *very* bad one, compared with Park Street or Pemberton Square—were always to be found two or more extra horses, available for *any sort* of team which needed help up the incline. Omnibuses and drays used these extra horses constantly. I could but reflect, if, in the level city of Vienna, they can take the trouble to help their loaded teams up the one or two trifling inclines, will Boston do *nothing*?

Further than this, it seemed to me to be an opening for those whose private hacks not proving a success, still try to keep together a broken carriage and two broken-down horses, not properly fed, seldom employed, because they are so shabby. Could not such a person put the whole value into one horse, which, placed at the foot of a hill, could be so useful as, perhaps, to earn more than the whole wretched establishment ever could? So also the horse railroads could procure in this way an extra horse for the hours in the day and the portions of their route when their cars are invariably overcrowded. I fancy it would be far better to have this arrangement open to as many as could find employment, rather than attempt to make the Metropolitan Horse Railroad provide more help for their horses, by keeping the extra horses themselves. To pay a small sum for the use of an extra horse would, I fancy, seem to them the lesser evil.

## Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, October, 1874.

## Our Title.

*"What's in a name?"*

Some criticism, not a little ridicule, and much amusement have been the result of the long name which distinguishes our Society and other kindred organizations, but especially ours, "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." Editors, reporters and correspondents dread to write it, and so we are called "The Alphabet Society," "The Society with a long name," or "T. M. S. F. T. P. O. C. T. A."

And people say, "Why don't you get a shorter title?" We can assure our friends, that, as far as time and labor is concerned, we should be quite as anxious as any one to have a shorter name, for we have occasion to write and read it oftener than others.

But the difficulty is to find a shorter sentence that will fully cover the ground.

We are sometimes incorrectly called "The Humane Society," but this name had been properly assumed many years ago by another society, designed to favor the protection of *human life*." The foreign societies are called "societies for the protection of animals," and now that the subject is well understood throughout the world it might be more appropriate, but, at the commencement of the work, such a title would have suggested only protection for animals against thieves or wild beasts. Formerly, the only reason why it would be supposed an animal needed protection, was that he was valuable *property*, and to protect his owner from loss would be the first thought. That the *animal* had any rights that required "protection" would not have been suggested by the word. So that, at first, the attention of people had to be governed and their sympathy awakened by the word "cruelty." This word provoked comment and ridicule from the masses, but excited the better feelings of the best people. So while the cause was always worthy, there is merit also in the name, inasmuch as it helped to attract attention, at a time when the subject itself was new. And, at this day, to persons whose interest has not been awakened, we still believe it is most effective, so that while we acknowledge that it is inconvenient we are not prepared to recommend its abandonment.

It has become quite common to address us as "Society P. C. A.," thus imitating the organizations like Y. M. C. A.; Y. M. C. U.; A. B. C. F. M., etc., etc., and abbreviating the sentence, while it retains the valuable suggestion.

## Mr. Angell's Addresses.

Mr. Angell lectured Sunday afternoon, Sept. 14th, in the Congregationalist Church at Wolfboro', N. H., and Sept. 21st, before the State Normal School, at Plymouth, New Hampshire.

He will address the State Teachers' Association of Connecticut, at New Haven, on Friday evening, October 23d, and will lecture in the Shawmut Av. Universalist Church, Sunday evening, Nov. 1st.

THE light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus, seen plainest when all around is dark.

## Don't Forget Our Fair.

We had hoped to announce, in this number, some further particulars in regard to our Fair, which will take place about February 1st, but arrangements are not completed. Many ladies are working for this object, and some tables are already engaged. Let every friend of the cause, throughout the State, solicit aid from all *their* friends, whether from the farm, the factory, the workshop or the needle, everything that will sell, whether to be worn or to be eaten, whether useful or ornamental. Our general committee will soon be appointed, but in the mean time, let all begin to canvass. For further information please apply at our office.

HOME-MADE PRESERVES AND PICKLES.—Parties who may wish to secure any of these articles which have been prepared for the Fair, can do so on application at our office, and they can be delivered at any time. This may be desirable to families who are now providing their winter supplies. Ladies proposing to contribute these articles will please notify us soon, and forward them before cold weather.

## Cruel Cattle Driving.

Agents are particularly desired to notice the drovers' and butchers' boys and men, with cattle, going to or coming from the Brighton and Watertown markets, and from the railroad stations where cattle are discharged, like Worcester, Springfield, Lowell and other points.

Terrible cruelties are practised by these men and boys, by beating, stoning, goading, etc., etc.

A few arrests by our agents would check this evil, and we urge them in all parts of the State, to give particular heed to this request.

## Broken Glass, Nails, etc., in Streets.

Lancaster, Pa., has adopted the following ordinance:—

AN ORDINANCE prohibiting the throwing of broken glass, nails, cuttings of tin or sheet-iron, etc., into any public street or highway of the city of Lancaster.

Section 1. The select and common councils of the city of Lancaster do ordain, That any person who shall put, place, deposit or throw any broken glass, crockery, china, cuttings of tin or sheet-iron, nails, hoop-skirts or other articles calculated to wound, bruise or maim man or beast, on or into any public street or highway of the city of Lancaster, shall pay a fine of five (\$5) dollars, to be recovered before the mayor or any alderman of the city of Lancaster as other fines are recovered.

A worthy example to be followed by other cities. Hundreds of horses have been injured by stepping upon broken glass and nails thoughtlessly swept or thrown into the street. House and store keepers should forbid this practice.

"HAVE ANIMALS SOULS" is the title of a valuable article by James Freeman Clarke, in the Atlantic Monthly for October, from which we shall make extracts hereafter.

"ANIMALS and their young," is the title of a new book of the valuable series, published by S. Partridge & Co., London, to which we have frequently called attention. It maintains the reputation of the previous volumes.

THE happiest man is the benevolent one, for he owns stock in the happiness of all mankind.

## The Preservation of the Moose.

In a little book recently published by Bradford & Anthony, entitled "Guide to Moosehead Lake," we find some pages devoted to the moose. It seems that by the inroads of Canadian and American hunters into the forests of Maine, these animals have been nearly exterminated. An effort is making to save this valuable animal from such destruction, by awakening a healthy public sentiment, with a view to secure needed legislation. We cordially commend this matter to our friends everywhere. The following petition will be circulated by friends in Maine, and presented to the next legislature of that State:—

"The undersigned, hunters, trappers, sportsmen, farmers, merchants and business men of Maine, respectfully represent that the moose of our forests are in great danger of extermination, particularly from the inroads of Canada Indians, who cross the boundary in seasons of deep snow. Viewing their destruction as already certain, our own hunters have decided to strip the forest at the earliest opportunity. We therefore earnestly pray that so valuable an animal may be protected by suitable legislation. Our forest lands are as capable of producing their crop of meat as our tilled fields are of grain, and without other outlay than that for protection.

"We would propose an act which should prohibit the killing of moose for five years, direct the seizure of the hides, at all seasons, wherever found, and appropriate a suitable sum for wardens, who shall be stationed near the Canada boundary, and at other controlling points."

"BAITING" horses in the street has been the subject of much excitement in Boston, recently, growing out of an order of the city government forbidding this practice. Our officers and agents were earnestly appealed to to relieve the regularly licensed truckmen from the operation of this ordinance, and we hope this may be accomplished, although we hope it will continue to apply to those people from out of town, who allow their horses to stand in the street all day, in all weathers, in order to save the half dollar that it would cost to give them proper shelter and food in a stable.

RATS are often a nuisance, but that does not justify unnecessary cruelty to them. To dip them in kerosene and set them on fire, to plunge them into scalding water, to catch them in a trap that pierces them with sharp wires and allows them to die a lingering death, is neither necessary or justifiable. To kill a pestiferous animal is not necessarily cruel, but to kill it cruelly is a crime.

A PECULIAR significance has been discovered in the opening, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, of a new polo club at Hurlingham, which has hitherto been devoted to pigeon-shooting. It is supposed that the object in view is that the shooting should be supplanted by the more manly sport. A pigeon match we are told, and indeed the circumstance is tolerably notorious, is apt, even "under the most exclusive circumstances," to become a mere field-day for the book-makers; and it may be added, with the usual result as regards the honesty of the players.

EVERY man, however good he may be, has a yet better man dwelling within him, which is properly himself, but to whom, nevertheless, he is often unfaithful. It is to the interior and less mutable being that we should attach ourselves, not to the changeable every-day man.—*Von Humboldt.*



[Communicated.]

**Pigeon Shooting in Maine.**

OFFICE OF THE BANGOR (ME.) SOCIETY, Sept. 24, 1874.

On the 9th inst. I went to Lewiston to look after a pigeon-shooting tournament by the club in that city. They received me very kindly and promised to desist hereafter, if found on examination to be unlawful, of which they will advise me through their secretary.

I think I may venture to say that any evil existing in Maine, with regard to cruelty to animals, will not long continue when properly brought before the people of this law-abiding State.

J. D. WARREN, *President.*

A Correspondent writes:—

"Keep up good heart. The cause is good and God will certainly prosper it, sometime, if not now. Animals are surely to share 'in deliverance from the bondage of corruption, and to be made partakers in the liberty of glory of the sons of God.' So reads the Greek. We humans have the first fruits of the spirit, but they also shall be abundant sharers, and blessed be all they who work for them in the spirit of mercy, yea, and justice, for dumb beasts have never sinned and deserve only good from man and God. This thought almost forces the conclusion that there must be for these suffering, loving creatures a future life that shall make amends to them for this."

**Alameda Co. (Cal.) Society.**

This society held its annual meeting July 20, for the choice of officers, at Oakland, at which a keen interest was manifested.

The secretary made his report, and a long and interesting address was delivered by Dora Dar-moore, which has been published.

The following officers were elected:—

*President*, Mayor Durant; *Vice-President*, Dr. Dinsmore; *Recording Secretary*, Wm. H. Jordan; *Corresponding Secretary*, A. W. Bishop; *Treasurer*, P. S. Wilcox; and fourteen trustees.

**The Dog-Killing Mania in Cleveland.**

A Cleveland correspondent sends us the following slip, from the "Cleveland Leader," and comments upon it in an earnest manner. The criticism upon the Cleveland Society we cannot think to be deserved, and presume their efforts have been in vain, or they have good reasons for non-action. But the picture is a terrible one, and shows the need of a reformed public sentiment:—

"GONE DOGS.—SIX THOUSAND DOGS SENT HOME—KEEP THE GOOD WORK GOING ON.—It is estimated by a noted dog statistician that the dog killers and catchers of Cleveland have, since the first of last May, rid the city of fully five thousand five hundred and ninety-nine dogs. They would have killed that other 'purp' had not an Oregon Street lady tipped their cart over and captured him while on his way to the pound.

"This announcement falls like a whisper of peace on the minds of a suffering people. To think that six thousand of these howling nuisances have passed in their checks and gone overboard into the canal (and taken with each of them a heavy paving-stone) is one of those thoughts that sometimes come into the weariness of life and make men willing to live, at least until after the water-melon season is over.

"It is sincerely hoped the dog-killers will continue their missionary labors among these heathen of the public streets. Already a change for the better is noted. People can occasionally catch a few hours' sleep, and a policeman does not have to stand at every front gate on the public street for the protection of passing school-children. Map peddlers and book agents, it is true, will have free access to many doors at which they could not previously gain entrance, but that evil

will be more than overbalanced by the good that is gained. Better say 'no' twenty times a day to each one of a dozen peddlers, sewing-machine men, knife-grinders and lightning-rod men, than to peddle hydrophobia among one's neighbors and have the dog-killers continually peppering the front of the house with bird-shot.

"Every dog will have his day. It is sincerely hoped that the day of most of the Cleveland dogs will come between now and Saturday."

We give our correspondent's comments below, and we shall be glad if any of our Cleveland friends can send us a statement to alleviate the brutality of the picture:—

"CLEVELAND, August 20, 1874.

"I enclose you an editorial from the 'Cleveland Leader.' I wish it might find a place in 'Our Dumb Animals,' with a scathing rebuke appended,—such a rebuke as might shame the writer of this most inhumanly written article. It is a disgrace to Cleveland that the newspapers unanimously vote for the extermination of our dogs. For four years the ordinance that allowed boys to steal and torture them, and paid a premium on theft, has been in full force, and it is impossible for any pen to depict the horrible suffering inflicted on these poor dumb animals. The first two hundred victims of this inhuman ordinance were kept in crowded pens for sixty hours, without food or water, and then, by the direction of the mayor, hacked to pieces with hatchets and beaten to death with clubs. Popular indignation was so aroused that other means of destruction were provided, and all taken by the boys were drowned. Among the first victims were some of the most valuable dogs here; many of them fine shepherd dogs, who were following their masters' wagons, as they had done unmolested for years. The owners knew nothing of the ordinance, as it was put in force without the usual warning. That year most of the valuable dogs in Cleveland were destroyed. Muzzles were of no account. A dog-stealer that would march through the streets with a fine dog lassoed, with his muzzle as a trophy of his prowess, under his arm, was considered a smart boy, and actually applauded for his bravado. This year the council, ashamed of serving thieves, delegated the work to men, and it would seem as if nothing short of extermination will satisfy them. They shoot dogs three hours in the morning, when few people are stirring, and the rest of the day they go through the streets with carts containing large boxes in which they throw such dogs as they can catch, partially strangled by a noose and often stunned by a blow on the head. The garden enclosure and the muzzle are no protection, and even little children, with their pets clasped in their arms, have been assailed and obliged to surrender them up to these hired slayers. Can there be nothing done for humanity's sake? Our Society here only looks after horses, and so fails to answer the expectations of humane people, that they will have nothing to do with it. It is a failure here because year after year this great wrong goes on without a remonstrance from the society. Can't you send out missionaries or do something to stop this wicked persecution of our house guardians? We must look for outside influence, for we have not a newspaper in the city that does not endorse the sentiments of the article I enclose."

A CHEERFUL VIEW OF THINGS.—"How dismal you look!" said a bucket to his companion, as they were going to the well.

"Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled; for, let us go away never so full, we always come back empty."

"Dear me! How strange to look at it in that way," said the bucket. "Now I enjoy the thought that, however empty we come, we always go away full. Only look at it in that light, and you'll be as cheerful as I am."—*The Wayside.*

FLATTERERS are the worst enemies a man can have.

**CASES INVESTIGATED**

BY BOSTON AGENTS IN SEPTEMBER.

Whole number of complaints, 79, viz.: Overworking, 1; overdriving, 4; beating, 11; driving when lame or galled, 17; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 6; torturing, 4; driving when diseased, 3; general cruelty, 33.

Remedied without prosecution, 37; not substantiated, 20; not found, 6; under investigation, 5; prosecuted, 11; convicted, 9; pending, 1.

Animals killed, 28; temporarily taken from work, 16.

BY COUNTRY AGENTS, SECOND QUARTER, 1874.

Whole number of complaints, 467, viz.: Beating, 60; overloading, 66; overdriving, 62; working when lame or galled, 87; working when diseased, 33; not providing food or shelter, 47; torturing, 29; abandoning, 25; general cruelty, 58.

Not substantiated, 19; remedied without prosecution, 402; prosecuted, 46; convicted, 37; animals killed, 70.

**FINES IN SEPTEMBER.**

From Justice's Court.—Framingham, \$2. District Court.—First Eastern Middlesex, \$10. Police Courts.—Cambridge, \$30; Chicopee, \$5; Chelsea, 1c. Municipal Court.—Boston (3 cases), \$50; East Boston Dist., \$5; Highland Dist., \$3; Charlestown Dist., \$10.

**RECEIPTS BY THE SOCIETY LAST MONTH.**

[All sums of money received by the Society during the past month appear in this column, with the names, so far as known, of the persons giving or paying the same. If remittances or payments to us or our agents are not acknowledged in this column, parties will please notify the Secretary at once; in which case they will be acknowledged in the next paper. Donors are requested to send names or initials with their donations.]

**MEMBERS AND DONORS.**

Mrs. C. A. Richardson, \$20; Rhodes, Ripley & Co., \$5; J. B. Bright, \$10; Mrs. Lucy Shaw, \$10; David Wood, \$4; J. A. Cunningham, Mrs. Lydia S. Patten, D. B. Scott, and Anonymous, \$1 each.

**SUBSCRIBERS, ONE DOLLAR EACH.**

J. A. Wilson, C. H. Wharton, John C. Dillon, J. H. Stannard, Mrs. F. H. Bradburn, Mrs. R. F. Bond, Norcross, Mellen & Co., James H. Eaton, Joseph Grinnell, Edward L. Tead, Edward Hixon & Co., C. C. French, Mrs. J. H. Whitman, H. Wellington & Co., Gilman, Cheney & Co., A. H. Libby, De L. Crittenden, Josiah Gleason, Jerome A. Bacon, Chas. L. Noble, A. B. Rogers, Chas. Morrill, Nichols & Fletcher, Rufus Warren, D. P. Ives, Dr. Lincoln, D. Clapp, M. G. Parker, Dr. Johnson, Landon Adams, Robt. R. Campbell, J. S. Williams, M. McClean, E. R. Webster, Dr. Sherman, David Wood, C. F. Stackpole, Mrs. C. Ware, Miss Daniell, Mrs. H. S. Wyman, Sally Hayward, Almshouse (North Cambridge), Anne W. Abbott, Susan W. Webb, Mrs. Josiah Vose, T. P. Clifford, Mrs. Jacob Rhodes, Ade O. Monroe, Mary Parker, Miss Sangor, Miss Russell.

Mrs. James A. Treat, \$2.

**My Cruelty Flashed Upon Me.**

I once killed birds in my wantonness—God forgive me—merely to test my skill with the rifle. But I received a bitter lesson. While once passing through the woods I carelessly fired at a bird, caring only to discharge my gun, so as to make my next fire sure. I wounded a bird which sat upon the fence. I felt guilt-stricken at once, and tried to catch it. Failing in that I thought it would be humanity to shoot it. Before I could load my rifle it fluttered across the field, where I followed it, and found the panting sufferer at its nest, and the blood dripping upon its young! My cruelty flashed upon me in all its nakedness, and I cringed under my reflections, like a guilty butcher as I was.—*Thurlow Brown.*

**Guide-Boards in the Country.**

No one, as a non-resident, can drive through many sections of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont, without being struck—if not troubled and annoyed—by the very great neglect on the part of city and town authorities, with reference to the condition of the so-called guide boards originally put up to guide the stranger, a great need, and, if in order, a very great convenience.

In some sections an almost entire indifference and neglect is plainly evident; boards dilapidated, letters and figures faded or entirely washed away, and many of no more assistance as a guide to the traveller than a piece of plain board would be.

The routes and roads may all be plain and well known to the respective city or town authorities residents therein, but to the "stranger within their gates" it is important, very important, that there should be sound boards, clear paint, plain letters and figures, so that those persons who ride or walk may thus be correctly and promptly informed as they travel through sections with which they are unfamiliar.—*W. H. B. in Boston Journal.*

If life were nothing but what gets phrased and substantiated, the world might as well be rolled up and laid away again in darkness.

## Children's Department.

## Mother and Child.

Do animals love each other? Certainly this picture looks like it. The cow lays her head over the back of her calf as tenderly as a human mother folds her arms about her baby. And there is a look of gentle content and pride in her face, as if well satisfied that her own child is the very prettiest and best in the world; this, too, is very like a human mother.

Suppose we take away the calf—does the mother suffer? Does she express that suffering by all the means in her power?

We know that she does.

If, then, the animal creation is bound to us by that strongest and sweetest element of our own nature, which we call affection, shall we not do well to follow the good example so long ago set us by St. Francis, who used to call the birds his "brothers and sisters," and who treated all animals as a part of the great brotherhood of the earth?

## The Chipmunk-Squirrel's Hole.

It is said that in the early history of Yale College, there was a "Laugh and Grow Fat Society," of which a rule was that in the free and mirthful conversations, in which all must take part, no one, under penalty of a fine, was to ask a question which he himself could not answer. Of course there were various ingenious plans devised for entrapping each other into a violation of the rule, and great circumspection was required to keep clear of these traps. New members were fair game, and few were known to pass their first night of membership without having one or more fines to pay.

On one occasion, a country lad, exceedingly awkward in his ways, and uncommonly given to asking questions, had been decoyed into membership. Much enjoyment was anticipated in seeing him break the rule. They did not know that he was as sharp and cautious as he was uncouth and inquisitive. As soon as he learned the rule about forfeits, he became reserved and watchful. It amused him to see how traps were laid for the members, and how they were evaded, and he managed to spend a large part of the evening's session in comparative silence. At last one of the older members, whose talkativeness and want of caution had subjected him to more than the usual share of forfeits, said to him:

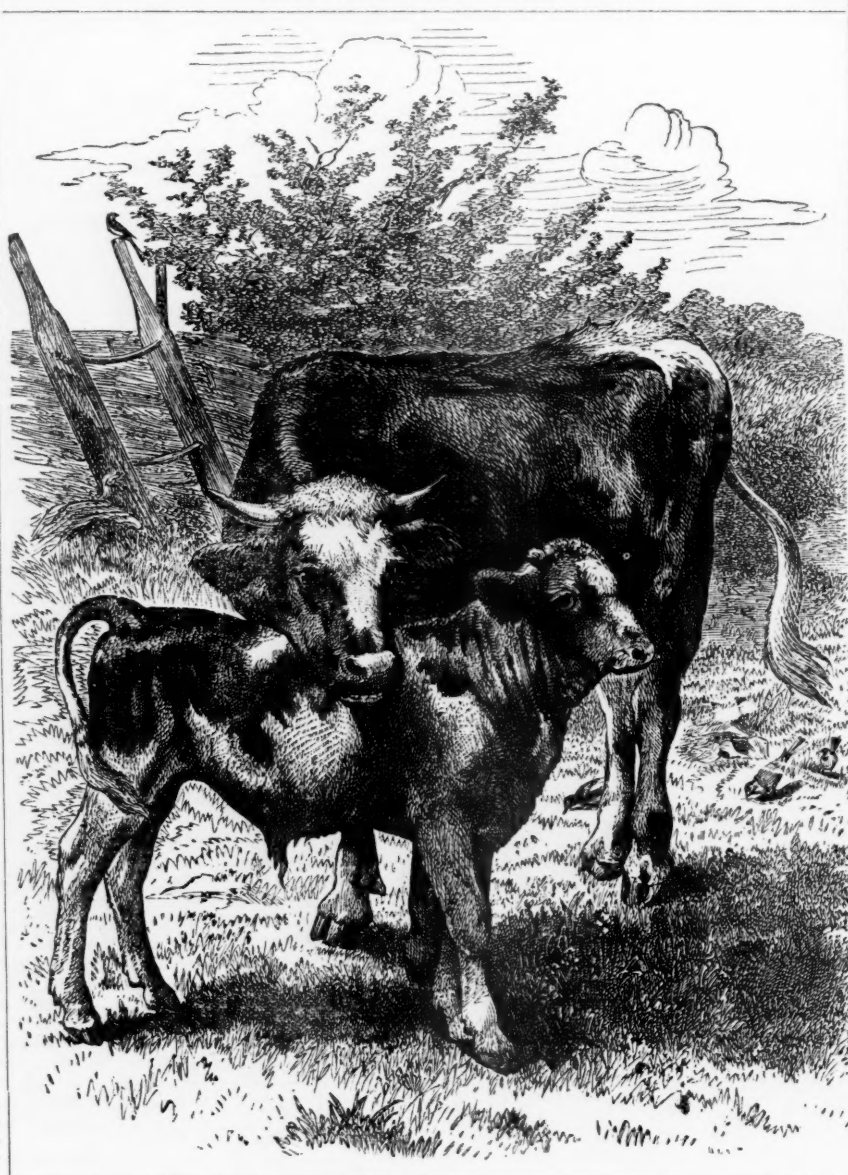
"Come! you must take your part in the conversation, and ask your questions too."

"I will, as soon as I get used to your ways. I do not like to be too forward," the other replied.

"You have been telling us so all the evening," said the first, "and it is now so late, that unless you at once ask your question, you will be fined for not obeying the rules."

"I cannot think of any question, except one so

## MOTHER AND CHILD.



foolish that I am ashamed to ask it," responded the new-comer in a very bashful way.

"Well, what is it? Out with it!" said his tormentor.

"It is this," he replied. "*How does the chipmunk-squirrel make his hole, and leave no dirt at the top?*"

A chip-squirrel's hole is remarkably neat; it has no dirt around it, and almost every person, without being conscious of it, perhaps asks himself this question. The subject was discussed with considerable relish, some persons giving one answer and some another, all of which were rejected by the propounder, when finally the persecutor said to him:

"You have asked the question; now answer it."

"Most willingly," said country. "*The squirrel begins at the other end.*"

"At the other end!" exclaimed the first. "But how does he get there?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "But since you have asked that question, suppose you answer it."

Of course the forfeit had to be paid.—*Hearth and Home.*

[From "How Marjory Helped."]

MARJORY had gained so much time by her ride, that she knew she could look up a clump of little innocents, her favorite wild flower, which Aunt Esther called houstonias.

Aunt Esther had wished for some, and though it was late in the season, Marjory knew a sunny nook where she felt sure of finding them in bloom. She was right; and she took up a fine large clump, with delicate flowers and many buds. As she came back to the road, she saw, walking quickly down it, bag in hand, the preacher of the day before.

He joined her with a pleasant "good morning," and the question where she had found such a clump of flowers at that season.

Marjory explained that, though the Botany set the season for them from May to September, she could find them in bloom in October, and often much later.

The gentleman said something more about them, but Marjory did not well know what, for a sudden thought had come to her, that made her draw her breath hard for a minute. Why should she not ask him the question that had been puzzling her? He ought to know. She remembered Aunt Esther's advice once, "If you are in doubt about doing a thing, and it isn't wrong, do it." She was sure that this was not wrong, and there came a pause just then. Marjory flushed, and her voice dropped a little, but she looked him straight in the face.

"How can we know what God wants, sir?"

The question was abrupt, but the gentleman understood, as happily some people do understand, without explanations.

"Why, my child, how do you know what your mother wants of you?"

"Ask her," said Marjory, "or look and see."

"That is it. Look and see, and if you don't see, ask."

Marjory did not seem quite satisfied.

"What does your mother most often want you to do?"

"Take care of Jamie, or help Sue, or go of some errand to the neighbors."

"Exactly! Help and take care of your brothers and sisters, and go on errands to neighbors. You will find that is what God wants of you all your life long, beginning now. Shall I tell you of an errand that you can do now?" he said with a smile, as Marjory still looked not quite content.

"Please."

"I am going home to a little girl who cannot go in search of flowers at all. She has to stay in her room almost all the time, and can see only what her friends bring her, for she lives in the city; but she is very fond of anything that comes from the country."

It did not need his look at the innocents to make Marjory understand.

"O, will you take them to her, and tell her, please, that if she waters them well and keeps



them in the sun, they will bloom for her all winter, perhaps. They have done it for me."

"They will do it for Annie, if for anybody. Thank you!" with a bright smile. "Here's one errand done."

"But," said Marjory, hesitatingly, "that is such a little thing?"

"So are these; but, you see, God did them. Now, good-by; here's the stage to take me up, and I think there is some work waiting for you, too."

#### A Dog Surgeon.

HOW CARLO EXTRACTED A NEEDLE FROM DICK'S NECK.

One of the most remarkable instances of sagacity and animal reasoning—for it is more than instinct—that we have ever yet heard of, took place yesterday afternoon at the residence of Whitfield Crawford, south-east corner of Seventh and Madison Streets, in this city. The principal actors in this case were a large dog belonging to Mr. Crawford of the St. Bernardine and Newfoundland breed, about two years old, who readily answers to the name of Carlo; and an ordinary domestic house cat named "Dick." Between the two a strong feeling of friendship has always existed, each sharing the others meals, and at night Dick, appreciating a soft bed, always found it by laying upon the top of his good natured friend Carlo.

On Wednesday last, on Mr. Crawford's return from market, he cut a piece of fresh meat into small pieces for Dick, but accidentally a needle and thread lying close by got mixed up with the meat. This, poor Dick swallowed, or attempted to swallow, with the meat, but not succeeding, the needle stuck in his throat, from which cause he of course suffered intensely, and in his sufferings he had the entire sympathies of his friend Carlo. Like a skilful physician, Carlo set about discovering the seat of the disease which he found existed in Dick's neck.

After an apparent consultation between the two, one as patient, the other as doctor, Carlo commenced operations by licking Dick's neck, the cat holding its head to one side to give Carlo a fair chance. The operation continued all day on Thursday and at intervals through the night, Carlo occasionally pausing to press his tongue against the neck of his feline friend, as if trying to force some sharp-pointed instrument on the inside through the cat's neck to the outside. Yesterday, the same operation was continued by Carlo, until about four o'clock, when he was seen with his whole body quivering with excitement trying to catch something with his teeth, in which he succeeded and giving a sudden jerk he pulled the needle through the hide of the cat, where it hung by the thread which still held it from the inside. The remainder of the operation was performed by a daughter of Mr. Crawford, who pulled the thread through and stuck the needle in the fence close by. The joy of Carlo knew no bounds, and frisking his bushy tail about, and rubbing his shaggy sides against his master, he showed his full knowledge of what he had done by going to the cat and licking the wound in the neck, and then to the needle in the fence, which he examined very minutely, saying in actions almost as plain as words, "See what I did." A son of Mr. Crawford coming home from his labor was met by Carlo, who turned and ran to where the needle was, smelling it as if to explain the case more fully to the new comer. We need only say that those who doubt the truth of this statement should call at the place designated, where the dog, the cat, the needle, and the wound in the cat's neck can all be seen. The dog himself will point out the needle, and give evidence of the truth of the foregoing facts as narrated.—*Wil-  
mington (Del.) Commercial.*

A WORTHY Quaker thus wrote: "I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to my fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I will not pass this way again."

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

#### Everyday Cruelties.

BY EMMOR CONLY, BRISTOL, PA.

We have cheering evidences of improvement and advancement in public sentiment and public action, in relation to the treatment of our dumb animals.

Prevention of cruelty to animals is sounded far and near. In its different bearings, this praiseworthy subject seems now to be looked upon with pretty general favor by many of the very best and influential men and women in the world—those in public and private life. It is becoming popular in church and state. There is an eye to see, an ear to hear, a heart to feel, and a will to act in behalf of the dumb creation.

In sympathy with this subject, I wish to call the attention of farmers, mechanics, merchants and others in any way connected with the use of horse and wagon, to what I consider an objectionable part of many of the vehicles in use at the present time, which I call

#### ELEVATED DRAFT OR FRONT GEAR.

I would not judge harshly, but can it be that with all the mechanical skill and the wisdom of to-day, we are ignorant of the principle of *draft*? I am willing to suppose we have unadvisedly, ignorantly, and perhaps innocently, fallen into the error of having the tongue and shafts of many of our vehicles elevated, or set up too high, for good easy draft. The swingletrees or eveners are generally attached to this front gear, and by being so high from the ground or pavement the horse, when drawing, works at decided disadvantage, the tendency being to pull the load *downward*, pressing the wheels still harder to the earth, thereby increasing the friction and making obstructions still more difficult to overcome. At the same time, there is an inclination to pull the animal "off his feet" (as we say), or perhaps choke him with the collar being pressed against his throat or wind-pipe.

I have taken some measurements of vehicles, and found the fore wheels forty-four, forty-six and forty-eight inches high, with shafts so "set up" that the swingletree was forty-one inches from the ground. The point where the traces were attached to the hames, forty-four inches. Now to hitch a horse of medium size to a loaded wagon of this make, we should find that in pulling the traces were riding up along the sides of the horse, near the hips; whereas, they *should be* below the stifles and near the hock. With this awkward rig, can we blame a horse for positively refusing to pull? And yet they are required to do it, at great sacrifice; quite likely without a gilt to keep the traces down, to prevent choking.

The swingletrees of many, if not all, *street cars* are placed too high for comfortable draft. We often see the poor speechless animals hesitate, and seemingly consult each other when bidden to start on the smooth pavement with a heavy load. They know well their liability to slip and fall, as shown by pulling themselves off, or away from, their only poor foothold. The street railway tracks are so attractive that we find nearly all kinds of vehicles using them, so that the cobblestones are worn very smooth and coated over with iron from the shoes of horses and mules. I have noticed car horses avoiding this smooth path and spreading apart, evidently to get foothold outside the rails, where the stones are less smooth; and it is shameful when they are whipped and jerked for doing so.

I call particular attention to the reprehensible practice of using horses and mules to street cars *without girts to keep the traces down*, and enable the animals to draw better.

(To be continued.)

Do not run away from your neighbors because they are not just what you would have them to be; you may go further and fare worse. Better set about improving those around you, by your own conversation and example, and by inducing them to read and think.

## STABLE AND FARM

#### Timely Thought.

It is too late to prepare for the rigors of winter when cold weather is upon us. The first storm of the season is most injurious, and the one from the effects of which stock that may be exposed to it does not readily recover. It is always harder to regain what is lost than to keep up a steady progress; and, if we would not lose ground by and by, it is necessary to look ahead. Sheds and buildings should be put into good order, ready for occupation when the first rain-storm arrives. In October this may be looked for, and at that time the feed has fallen off, and the system is already weakening and cannot stand the shock without a serious check. It is now that this event should be foreseen and provided for, lest it come unawares and the stock, most especially the young stock, should suffer at a time when it needs all the strength extra care can supply.

#### Kindness Does It.

An experienced horse trainer in California thus writes us:—

In reply to your letter, I would say that the education of my colts has in a great measure been accomplished by kind treatment. The horse is so constituted that by proper management and kind treatment his confidence and affection may be acquired to such a degree that his will becomes completely absorbed in that of his friend and trainer. I will say, further, that the horse naturally possesses a far greater degree of intelligence than he has ever been given credit for.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

#### Harness-Chafing.

Harnesses that are much used generally become rough on the inside surface, particularly at the edges, with a collection of moisture, perspiration, dust and dandruff, which, if not removed, may very soon roughen up and wear off the hair and chafe the skin, making it very sore. Although it may not have the appearance of a fresh gall, it is very tender and painful, and may be found to be composed of a number of small, watery pimples. Great care should be taken, in currying, not to come across these sores.

"*Prevention of cruelty*" being our motto, we would suggest that the harness be kept soft and free from this accumulation of dirt, by scraping and washing often, and by *shifting* the harness so that it will not come in contact with these tender spots.

M.

#### To Keep Flies from Horses.

M. Perret, a French pharmaceutical chemist, has discovered a very simple and economical method of saving horses, particularly when they are not in motion, from being tormented by flies. It consists in merely rubbing them with a little concentrated oil of laurel, which is extremely disliked by the flies. The oil should be specially applied to the parts where the flies usually settle. With about three pennyworth of this oil a horse can be anointed for three days. There is not the slightest danger in using it, and, indeed, its slightly stimulating action is beneficial to horses, and keeps their coat in good order. This expedient may also be usefully replaced by a solution of sixty grammes of assafetida mixed with one glass of vinegar and two of water. The strong odor of the assafetida drives away the flies, and if horses be well washed with this, not a fly will settle on them. No apprehension need be felt in using the assafetida, which has no deleterious properties.—*The London Medical Record.*

*The American Horse the Product of our Institutions.*

The horse has held an important place in every condition of man of which we have any knowledge. He has shared his poverty and enjoyed his wealth; he has adapted himself to man's humblest toil, and he has adorned and vitalized his proudest pageant; he has given strength to man's arm in battle, and has added a lordly pride to the joys of conquest; he has become a domestic friend, a family companion, an object of fond attachment, a living and sentient portion of that complicated social and civil structure which man has designed, and into which he has brought all the beauty of earth and sky, the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field; and we have reached that point of development in which he represents divers nationalities as strongly as man himself. The high and lordly step of the horses of the Czar, the proud and graceful carriage of the steeds of the Sultan, the flying coursers of the Arab of the desert, the ponderous and stately animals attached to the royal equipage of England, each and all belong to the active forces found in all these varying conditions of state, and are all adapted to the fortune into which they have been cast. And so, too, the American horse, the horse of all work, the roadster, the trotter, the patient laborer, all combined in one, how well he represents the nationality to which he belongs, how truly is he a product of our institutions! His ancestors long ago learned to be patient under the galling restraint of the harness; they were familiar with the weary labors of the plough; they met each other in primitive competition as they bore every class in an equal society to its various duties—the minister to church, the lawyer to the courts, the physician to his patients, the boy to mill; they became by such an inheritance, and under such influences, part and parcel of busy American life. Morally and physically adapted to any and every variety of toil, the American horse combines in himself all the various qualities which are found in the many varieties which have been bred by other nations for specific purposes. He is as untiring as the Barb, as strong as the Clydesdale, as fleet as the Arab, as patient as the hackney, as proud as the Tartar, as humble as the peasant and as lordly as a king.—*Hon. Geo. B. Loring.*

*The Effect of Food on Animals.*

The whole nature and character of an animal may be changed by the quality of his food. If, for instance, you feed a tomato-worm upon tomato leaves, it will grow up a great, coarse, clumsy worm, and, passing through its chrysalis state, comes out a butterfly with little beauty or attraction; but if you feed the same worm upon different food, the leaves of the roses and the petals of beautiful flowers, when it passes through its chrysalis state and comes out a butterfly it will be of surpassing brilliancy and beauty in its plumage and its armature. And so of the silk-worm. Feed it upon inferior diet,—the leaves of the forest,—and it will sicken and perish; but feed it upon the leaves of the mulberry and it thrives and grows, until it finally wears its life away spinning its gossamer silken thread! The same is true of the hog. Feed one upon hard corn, another upon swill, another upon distillers' slops and another upon nuts and mast in the forest, and their flesh will be totally different, as any butcher will tell you. In fact, the diet any animal lives upon will modify its constitution and character, for better or worse, as the case may be. Feed a human being on pork and garbage and he will be inferior in health, constitution and endurance; feed him upon beef and bread, and in constitution, health, endurance and disposition he will be superior.—*Selected.*

It is a mistake to expect to receive welcome, hospitality, words of cheer and help over rugged and difficult passes in life, in return for cold selfishness, which cares for nothing in the world but self.

*Horse-Racing.*

BY A VISITOR TO THE HIPPODROME.

There are differences of opinion about horse-racing, and I am not competent to decide; but the practice impresses me as cruelty to the animal, the horse, for he seems to me often the better animal of the two. He does his work, if work it may be called, in silence, while the rider urges him on, with blows sometimes when at breathless speed, and the by-standers keep up that unearthly yelping that always seems to me an emanation from some "lower deep." There was a young man behind me who kept up that peculiar sound I have sometimes been obliged to hear on the street when riders are trying their horses. It seemed to me for a moment that it would be well could the tables be turned for a little time, the drivers and the yelpers becoming the driven. But that would be cruel. The horses do seem to enjoy it, but that does not satisfy that the practice is a humane one. There is a degree of competition among human beings, children at school and those also of a larger growth, that is not really healthful; and I question how much the practice of horse-racing is in civilization an advance upon the gladiatorial encounters of the ancients and the bull-fights of more modern days. But I fancy it would be no difficult matter so to accustom one's self to the sight as to enjoy it when not too severe upon the horses.—*Corr. Commonwealth.*

A LADY in this city who owns a small Scotch terrier dog tells the following story of his intelligence. One morning he came scratching at the kitchen door, which she opened for him. Immediately he began to whine and pull at the bottom of her dress and then run off a little way. By his actions she thought he wanted her to follow him, which she did, much to his delight. He led her into a field near by, and stopped by the side of a cistern which was there. Looking in, she saw a little dog swimming around, unable to get out. Obtaining assistance, the diminutive Towzer was extracted from his perilous situation, to his own satisfaction, and that of his dumb playmate, who had been the means of saving his life. This act is one of remarkable intelligence.

*Twisting off Dogs' Tails.*

It is passing strange how often it happens that men who are intelligent and sensible on most subjects, will defend a cruel or wicked practice, because "it has always been done so." The following account, from the "Express," of a case prosecuted by the Lancaster (Pa.) society, illustrates this idea:—

One Welch was arrested for twisting off the tails of five pups at the first joint, and drawing out the tendons or nerves, which was freely admitted by the defendant. The defence argued, however, that this was not an act of cruelty, but of mercy; in corroboration of which many sportsmen were examined, and several authorities on the subject cited, going to show that severing the tails of setters prevented them from getting dis-temper, and also saved much annoyance and pain to them by preventing their tails from becoming lacerated by underbrush while on the hunt; but these same authorities agreed pretty well that cropping the tails was not so necessary with pointers. The method by which Mr. W. removed the appendages was also approved by most of the expert witnesses present, pinching and twisting them off while very young being the approved method. The peculiar difficulty in this case (at least to outsiders who were discussing it) seems to have existed in the fact that the pups in question were a cross between setters and pointers! The authorities recommend cutting off the appendages of the setters, but not of pointers, and here was a cross between the two, for which there was no provision whatever. This would seem to call for some special legislation next winter; let us know what rule is to govern the cross-breeds!

*English Sparrows in Indiana.*

On the 24th day of December, 1873, Mr. Philip Decker, Auditor of Vanderburgh County, received a consignment of 100 pairs of English sparrows. One hundred and ninety-eight birds arrived alive, and but few, perhaps not over half a dozen, died after their arrival. Accommodations were prepared for them in the trees around the Court House, where they still do mostly build their nests and rear their young. In addition to those received on the date above mentioned, and which were turned loose on Christmas day of 1873, Mr. Decker had already some ten or twelve birds, which about made up for those which died. Four broods have since been hatched, of an average of about four birds to each pair of parents. After making a liberal allowance for deaths and accidents, it is estimated that there are now in the city 700 or 750 pair of sparrows, or 1,400 to 1,500 birds. Those hatched and reared around the Court House still come there to roost at night, and in the twilight of evening they may be seen as thick as mosquitoes. During the day they wander all over the city, and little flocks of a half dozen or more may be seen on every street hunting food or wallowing in the dust. We have not heard of a single case where one has been wantonly killed, which is an evidence of the humanity of the average small boy of Evansville. They become readily domesticated by preparing a small box and placing it in a shade-tree in front of a residence, and by supplying a small ration of crumbs or small seed for their sustenance. It is believed, that within a few years, this whole region of country will be well stocked with them, and that caterpillars and such like vermin will be comparatively unknown. Let the sparrow be cultivated.—*Evansville (Ind.) Journal.*

In a letter enclosing the above extract, Mr. Decker writes us as follows:—

"Since the first importation I have myself given particular attention to the birds, especially during the winter, in the way of feed and water. To one fact I wish to call your especial attention; on one of the large trees surrounding the Court House, I piled up about six dozen bunches of sheaf oats in the forks of the tree, and below this I nailed about four feet of tin, to keep cats from getting up. I found this place their greatest luxury during the winter."

Now will somebody tell us, from their own positive knowledge, whether English sparrows eat caterpillars and canker-worms.—[Ed.]

*New Hampshire Once More.*

We learn with regret that a couple of the youth of our city have been guilty of a wanton piece of cruelty which should subject them to the severest condemnation and punishment. As we gather the facts, it seems that these young gentlemen had caught a cat belonging to a stranger, and one of a pair which he valued highly. Evidently they treated it none of the gentlest, for it repaid their caresses with interest, which so enraged these gentle lads that they tied the poor animal to a tree and shot it to death, putting eight bullets from a pocket revolver into it before death came to its release. Had we been the owner of that unfortunate pet we believe that like "time and tide" we should have waited for no man, but made such practical application of the proverb "spare the rod and spoil the child" as would have left a lasting impression on the minds and persons of the culprits.

It is plain that there is no need of a Humane Society in our city!—*Manchester Dispatch.*

EDUCATE THE CHILDREN.—A friend writes: "I have some young friends in —, two or three of them teachers, and if you will furnish me with a package of your publications, I will see that every reading school boy and girl is supplied with something, and their teachers into the bargain. And I know no better way to aid the noble enterprise."



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